Oxford County Advertiser.

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HENRY UPTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
NORWAY, ME.
Office near F. Howe's Insurance Office.

HOLT & KIMBALL,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
NORWAY, ME.
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HENRY M. BEARCE,
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NORWAY, ME.
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JOHN A. ROBERTS,
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NORWAY, ME.
Office opposite H. Cole's Jewelry Store.

WILSON & GREENLEAF,
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Money to loan on good security, at reasonable rates.
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New Hair Dressing Rooms,
NORWAY, ME.
Clean Shave and Stylish Cut. Main St.

ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS
THE LIGHT RUNNING
NEW HOME
SIMPLE
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SEWING MACHINE
PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR
HAS MORE IMPROVEMENTS THAN ALL OTHER SEWING MACHINES COMBINED
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
30 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO, ILL. ORANGE, MASS.
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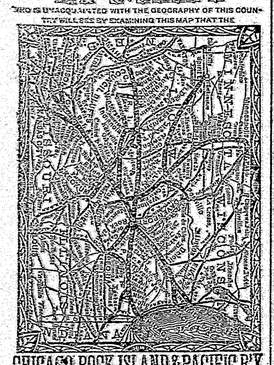
FOR SALE BY

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE



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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Perfect Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous
"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."
A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.
All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.
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Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.
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GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,
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CHICAGO.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

The Effect of Gilmore's Shots—Firing Five Miles.

The City of Charleston was under siege 585 days, and for over 500 days under fire. When Gilmore got his "Swamp Angel" planted and sent word that he would open fire on the city the citizens of Charleston laughed over the message. His guns were five miles away, and the idea that he could do the city any harm was too absurd to entertain.

It is just midnight.

W-r-r-r-r! S-s-s-s! Scream—rush—bang!

Gilmore has sent his first shell into the city. It strikes a brick building opposite the Post-office and explodes with a crash which turns 5,000 people out of bed. Men who heard the horrible screaming of that great shell as it came over the waters of the bay will never forget the sound.

In five minutes a second one came, but this failed to explode and is now on exhibition at Maj. Willis's office on the wharf. It just fits into and just fills a nail-keg. By the time the third one arrived all Charleston was awake and full of alarm and horror. That was the beginning of a siege which has no parallel in American warfare. Day after day—week after week—month after month, with only intervals of a few hours at a time for the guns to cool or some new move to be made, the bombardment continued.

That first night's experience was enough to arouse the city to action. Not a building in the lower part of the city was safe from the big shells loaded with Greek fire. Under the advice of the Chief of the Fire Department every house kept a ready supply of water on hand, in barrels and other vessels. In some districts bodies of minute-men were formed, who would rush to the spot where a shell fell and quickly subdue the flames, in case a fire was started. The business streets were paved with cobble-stone. These stones were taken up and dumped into the sea, and it was a wise precaution. Scores of shells fell upon the streets and buried themselves in the sand and exploded without damage.

By and by the people became used to the situation, and seemed to go to bed without any more fear than would have been shown in New York. While the street cars ceased to run, all other business was transacted as usual, and during the hottest fire of the whole siege men were loading vessels on the wharves, various factories were running, and children were playing in the public parks. Federal history pictures Charleston in ruins and filled with woe and desolation within thirty days after Gilmore opened fire. As a matter of fact business was not suspended for a single hour. While a few families left the city, others came in, and after the first fortnight the shells were looked upon as a matter of course. Probably not more than thirty inhabitants were killed by the missiles direct, and both of the big fires had their origin in other causes. M. QUAD.

American Fables.

A Wolf who had a dispute with a Hyena determined to destroy him, and therefore went to the Lion for advice.

"Set a trap for him," was the reply, "and when you have caught him eat him."

The Wolf went away and laid a snare beside the path often traversed by his enemy, but just as he was cackling with satisfaction he blundered into the trap himself and was held fast. In this emergency along came the Lion, who called out:

"By George, but what's all this?"

"I'm fast in my own trap," humbly replied the Wolf.

"So I see. I came out here expecting to help you eat the Hyena, but as the case now stands I shall help the Hyena eat you."

"But I set this trap by your advice," protested the Wolf.

"True you did, and I advised your enemy to set one for you as well. Odds is the difference to me whether I eat Wolf or Hyena."

MORAL:

The lawyer gets his pay, no matter how the suit goes.

THE TWO BRAGGARTS.

The Woodchuck and the Opossum met one day near the den of the Wolf, and the first called out:

"You should have heard me singing last night."

"It couldn't have been equal to my great speech," replied the Opossum.

"And I am also a Poet."

"Well, I'm a Statesman."

"I can growl in four different keys."

"And I can conquer the Lion."

Thus they bragged over each other until their noisy voices disturbed the Wolf, who came forth and remarked:

"Gentlemen, I take your word for it, that Woodchuck is equal to Chicken and Opossum sweeter than fried oysters, and you shall furnish me a dinner! Come hence!"

MORAL:

One never loses anything by keeping his mouth shut.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SWAPPING AND SAVING.—How a smart Georgian made $3,000 out of $2 is told by the Conyers *Weekly*: "There lives a man in this town who claims to be the boss swapper. Ten years ago he bought a pocket-knife for which he paid $2. He swapped this for a pistol; he swapped the pistol for a shotgun, the gun for a cow, the cow for a horse, and sold the horse for $500. He invested the $500 for the first five years and drew out $2,000. He has had the $2,000 out at interest for five years at ten per cent., and he now has the result of his knife trade—$3,000.

POOR BUT PROUD.—A Honesdale, Pa., correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writes that since her withdrawal from the stage, Anna Dickinson has been living there with her mother, a venerable Quaker lady of eighty-seven, and her sister Susan, a brilliant little blue stocking, whose nimble pen is constantly at work on special articles for the newspapers and magazines of Gotham. The correspondent adds: "One thing is certain—namely, that she is in exceedingly poor circumstances and is too proud to let any of her friends know it."

WOMAN'S WORK IN FARMING.

A certain wicked but witty jurist, whenever a culprit was brought before him for trial, invariably asked: "Who is the woman in this case?" A slight measure of truth underlies this repartee, as, indeed, must be the case under all satires on weak human nature, else they would not be so keenly felt. The broader and more comprehensive truth in this connection is that woman is really the basis of most that is good and successful. There is scarcely a leading business man in any vocation who will not gratefully acknowledge his successes as being in large part due to his wife. In no occupation is this more apparent than in that of the farmer. All over the country the men who have succeeded in accumulating competency or wealth in farming have had sensible, industrious and economical wives. Because woman does not work in the fields is no reason that her services are not important. On large farms the master himself often does little of the manual labor. He can have it performed nearly as well as he can do it himself, while his services in overseeing the proper performance of the work are worth far more than anything his own hands are capable of performing. In this labor of supervision the wife's services are quite as effective as those of her husband.

There are several leading departments which, by common consent, are relegated to the sphere of the wife. Embraced in her special department is the management of the household expenses, and, unless dairying is made the chief business of the farm, she has usually the entire care of the dairy. A story is told of one of the early pioneers in a new country, who, with his wife, commenced farming on a track of one hundred acres of wild land, only partially paid for. Year after year they prospered, and the 100 acres was paid for in large part, by the hard-earned money which the wife had secured through sales of butter and cheese. Again and again the question was asked by the husband, "Shall I buy another hundred acres?" and the answer by his good wife was always ready and was always the same: "Get me fifteen more cows and you may safely buy the land."

When, in their old age, a fine farm of 500 acres was fully paid for, the wife could rightfully boast that it was her labor, quite as much as that of her husband, which had paid for their broad acres. The law, which has been called the perfection of human reason, partially concedes the rights of women in securing one-third of all real estate to the widow for her use during life, and making it impossible for a married man to alienate their home, by sale or mortgage, without his wife's free signature.

More men would have remained prosperous owners of farms, now lost through bad management or other improvidences, if they had listened to the advice of their wives. A faithful wife is in every situation the best counselor her husband can have. In farming she is usually the conservative partner in the direction, dissuading against extravagant expenditures and doubtful experiments. It may be, and doubtless is, otherwise in cities; but girls born in the country, and accustomed at their father's firesides to hear the failures and successes of their neighbors discussed, are often more economical than their husbands. The latter, associating with other men, often have their heads turned, if they are not themselves misled into questionable and extravagant habits. It may seem to the farmer, as he reluctantly counts out the dollars, which his wife has often to fairly beg of him, that his better half is very extravagant.

In nine cases out of ten, however, if he will figure up the useless and often injurious expenses incurred by himself, the sum will amount to more than his wife's allowance for necessary personal expenses. The fact that the husband is more frequently away from home than the wife perhaps gives greater occasion for the expenditure of money, yet even this does not change the importance of a mutual understanding concerning money matters.

The power which a farmer's wife may exercise in the domestic economies of the farm, carries with it responsibilities as well. It is her duty in every way to fit herself to become a judicious helpmeet and counselor. The farmer's club meeting should be open to the wife and the daughter, as well as to the farmer and the son. Not infrequently the little improvements made at trifling expense, through the influence of the wife's taste and tact, add more to the value and attractiveness of the house than many times the money cost invested under the husband's management. In all the suggestions as to making farm life attractive to young men there is none better than to enlist the hearty co-operation of their mothers and sisters.

They will point out to the youth the ideal and æsthetic side of the farmer's work, while if he learns farming wholly from his father, he is apt to learn it only as a life of prosy and poorly-paid toil. Without disparagement to agricultural newspapers or farmers' clubs, we may say that the wife and family are, or should be, the farmers' best advisers. They know, or should know, all the circumstances of his position, and if the wife's advice be followed the farmer will usually be the gainer. She may, at least, demand an equal voice in matters which interest her quite as much as they can her husband. She knows better than he the expenses of household management, which are increased or diminished by different methods of tillage or the various systems of farm economy.—*American Cultivator.*

PRINCIPLE.—In 1836 there died in the Fleet Prison, London, a person named Yardley, who had been confined for ten years for a debt of $500, which, with the obstinacy of the defendant in Bardell vs. Pickwick, he refused to pay. In his room were found securities worth $25,000, and he had a real estate income of $3,500 a year. Prisoners with means could have every comfort, and it was the place of all others for good stories and good fellowship.

THE locusts have appeared in Mexico, and at last accounts were covering, like a thick black cloud, six miles in width and many in length, the right banks of the Alvarado River, moving northwest. The ground over which they pass is left like a desert.

In a Bowery Theatre.

The gallery gods have been impatiently waiting all through the entertainment for the performance which comes next upon the programme. It is "the exhibition of the largest grizzly bear ever captured, which will be put through a stage performance by Texas Bill, the only survivor of the seven trappers who attacked the animal." The stage manager comes to the front and says if the audience are afraid to have the bear brought upon the stage, the performance will be omitted. He is interrupted by Texas Bill, who remarks that "no bar ever got the best o' me yet, and no bar'll ever git off'n this stage while I'm here to stop him." Texas Bill is dressed in the approved style of the trapper in a dime novel, with fringed leggings and a leather skirt, and the gods hang breathless upon the backs of the seats as he goes to fetch the grizzly. The clerks in the front row look somewhat nervous, and the countryman seems to think that it would be a very easy matter for the bear to climb from the stage into his proscenium box. Soon a great scuffling is heard behind the scenes, and Texas Bill backs partly out from the wings, and the end of a stout rope is seen in his hands, but he vainly tries to pull his pet grizzly upon the stage after him. He braces himself, and tugs, and pulls, and perspires. "Prod him with that pitchfork," he cries to an unseen assistant. The assistant evidently does as he is bid, for Texas Bill is suddenly jerked from his feet, and dragged out of sight—struggling, swearing, and grasping spasmodically at the floor. The audience start breathlessly from their seats, expecting to hear Texas Bill's bones crunching in the grizzly's jaws, and not a sound is heard in the theatre until he again backs, by degrees, from the wings, still hanging to the rope. A long struggle follows, and the trainer all but pulls the sullen beast into view, only to be stopped again; again to tug and perspire, and finally to be jerked once more ignominiously from his feet and dragged out of sight as before. But Texas Bill will not give up. He makes a third attempt, and, after a long and exciting struggle, drags out to the view of the expectant and breathless audience a kitten.

Ending in Smoke.

The fathers and mothers in Boston are indebted to the reporters of one of its enterprising newspapers—the *Journal*—for a great deal of information with respect to the use of tobacco by their children. According to some of the teachers who have been questioned on the subject the percentage of boys in their schools who smoke is as high as fifty. Other teachers, however, place the percentage at forty. It is a curious fact that, with the extremely rich and the extremely poor, the boys, as a rule, smoke without the knowledge or consent of their parents. The rich parents, it is said, they cannot prevent it and the parents of the poor boys are indifferent on the subject.

What is true of the Boston boys in regard to smoking is more or less true of the boys in all large citiesos the country. In New York the small boy with a vile cigar "stump" in his mouth, or a still viler cigarette, is to be seen on nearly every street corner. There is no attempt at even concealment, and it is a common occurrence to see them even stop their seniors and request a "light." If the stuff they smoke were tabacco the evil would not be so great. But it is not. It is a wretched compound of the most deleterious ingredients. What these little "monsters" will be when they grow up to be men—that is, supposing their constitutions are strong enough to resist the effects of the poison taken into their systems—time only can disclose. At all events, the evil is becoming so great that it behooves parents to use every means in their power to check it. Unless something is done the rising generation of Bostonians will probably go out in smoke. Here is a chance for more prohibitory legistation.—*New York Herald.*

Escaping from a Madman.

Leopold Stapleaux, in a sketch just published, tells a curious story of a visit he once made to Julien. The maestro had invited Stapleaux to dine with him, alone. It was before anyone had suspected Julien of madness, and Stapleaux went, unsuspecting. When the dinner was over, Julien suddenly turned up the bottom of his trousers' leg, showed his guest a swollen vein on his ankle, and asked if he knew what it meant. On receiving a negative reply from the astonished Stapleaux, he said it was the secret mark of the Vatican, and meant that he should soon be made Pope. Then he drew a pistol and declared his intention to shoot Stapleaux dead, lest he should betray his secret. Being convinced that he was in the power of a maniac, Stapleaux summoned up all his wits, and begged for a few moments in which to prepare for death. This being granted, he sprang to the piano and began to play a wild waltz. The music penetrated to the brain of the mad maestro, and he began to dance furiously. His intended victim watched his opportunity, slipped out of the room, locked the door behind him and fled for life to the prefect of police, by whose orders Julien was quickly secured and placed in an asylum.

AN OLD DODGE.—An old dodge of swindlers has been revived in London with much success. It is commonly known as the "cripple and medicine lay" and its operation is simple enough. A vagabond with a sound but carefully bandaged arm drops a bottle of water with a crash upon the pavement just as some respectably dressed person is passing. He at once accuses the person of knocking his "medicine" out of his hand, bewails his forlorn condition, and the poverty which will compel him to endure all the agony of his broken limb without alleviation. A crowd collects, and the stranger is loudly exhorted by confederates to "give the poor fellow a bob," to which he will generally assent. This simple device is cordially recommended as a pleasing novelty to the noble army of able-bodied beggars which infests New York.

THE LATE THURLOW WEED.

Incidents Told by a Friend of his which Illustrate the Man.

Hugh Hastings relates with much amusement an incident which occurred in connection with the intimacy between Mr. Weed and Bishop Hughes, who went abroad together to help the American cause.

"After they returned to America," said Mr. Hastings, "the Bishop sat for his portrait, at the old man's request, and the result of this sitting was hung upon the wall of Mr. Weed's parlor in a conspicuous position. During the Know-Nothing war of 1850, Mr. Seward was a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate on our side of the house. The Know-Nothings were opposing Seward with great spirit and tenacity, and, by George, they were in the majority. It therefore became necessary to capture a few of our opponents, which was no easy task. At that time I was Secretary of the Senate—the last one elected under Whig rule, by the way.

"Mr. Weed was then a noted and liberal entertainer. He was accustomed to give great dinner parties at his residence, to which were invited not only the various State officers, but such distinguished visitors as chanced to be in the city. The premises were not large enough to accommodate the entire Legislature at once, and so Mr. Weed used to invite the members in alphabetical platoons. Well, upon one of these occasions he had asked three or four Know-Nothings which we thought had come over to our side in the Seward matter, to be present. He received them with that splendid cordiality of his which seldom lost its effect, and then turned them over to me, to be shown through the house. I dragged them here and there, from cellar to garret, showing them pictures, statuettes, and everything I thought would be of interest. At last we suddenly came upon the portrait of Bishop Hughes, and one of the party asked me who he was. I will admit that the situation staggered me. I knew that if they discovered whom the portrait represented our chances of their favor were gone, and for the life of me could think of no way out of the dilemma. But finally, as matters were becoming very embarrassing, a thought flashed upon me. It was a happy one. 'Why,' I said, feigning surprise, 'don't you know who that is? That portrait represents George Washington, in his continental robes. It was presented to Mr. Weed's father by George Washington himself.' They carried the day for us, and Seward was triumphant."

Mr. Weed, during late years has been a millionaire, and he has sternly enforced as a rule that nobody should be turned away from his door in want of food or money. The house was besieged with beggars in every guise. Barrels of sugar, potatoes and flour were kept always open, and packages generally put up, and there was a room half full of heaps of calico, muslin, shoes and underwear. Sometimes the handsome house took on the appearance of a country store as a line of applicants came and went. Up to 1850 Mr. Weed possessed little property. He had not time to get rich. At that time, Mr. William H. King, the Albany banker, volunteered to take care of Mr. Weed's earnings and investments, and the result was wealth. Behind the library door hang two diplomas in Latin conferring the title of LL. D. upon Thurlow Weed—homage rendered by two distinguished colleges to the cabin-boy of the Hudson, the chore-boy of Jaspar Hopper and "Peck's journeyman," who never went to school nine months in his life.

He has said of this marriage with Miss Ostrander: "When I was working in Cooperstown, I and two other young fellows were arrested for insulting some girls while going home from meeting; I was never more innocent of anything in my life, but I had no friends and was threatened with jail. Suddenly a man, whom I did not know, stepped forward and gave bail for me, and a lawyer, whom I had barely seen, offered to serve me as counsel. My trial came on, and the girls completely exonerated me from having had anything to do with it. A year or two after this I fell in love with Catharine Ostrander of Cooperstown and married her, and a better wife no man ever had. It was ten years before I found out how I came to be defended. Meeting the lawyer in Albany, I asked him. 'Why,' said he, 'it was Catharine Ostrander's work.' She had felt rather shy, and had not told me in all that time. But the next year that lawyer was surprised by being nominated and elected attorney-general of the State—not altogether because he had interceded for me; he was just the man for the place. I very rarely had a man elected or appointed to office for reasons personal to myself."

His father, Joel Weed, was at first a farm hand, working around by the day, and after a while he got a few acres of his own. He was of English descent, and went to New York from Connecticut. Thurlow Weed's mother was somewhat superior to the women of her time, and was English by birth. She thought she belonged to the great Thurlow family, of which Edward Thurlow was lord high chancellor of the British realm, and this claim was acknowledged by Lord Thurlow himself. Her first son was named Edward Thurlow, but he shortly dropped the "Edward" for convenience sake. "Did I ever tell you about that ring?" said Mr. Weed, one day, lifting up his thin hand from the counterpane and showing a curious ring. "When Lord Thurlow died in 1826 his heirs sent to me across the sea that mourning ring and asked me to wear it. I have always worn it since. I never saw Lord Thurlow or any of the family; it is all I know about the relationship." He quietly touched the trinket and turned it around. It was of black onyx, set in a frame of gold, the stone reaching around the finger and bearing the name of Edward Thurlow and the date of his death. "I wear it because they asked me to do so," he continued, "though my folks laugh at me sometimes, because they know how little I care for illustrious families and claims of blood. The only blood that is worth anything is that which a man makes for himself."

P. T. BARNUM says that whisky will kill the best circus ever organized.

SOME INTERESTING STATISTICS.

The Manufactures of the United States as Shown by the Census Returns.

Statistics of manufactures are now in the process of issue from the census office. In the manufacture of agricultural implements there are 1,943 works with $62,109,000 capital invested, wages paid, $15,359,000; material used, $31,531,000; value of products, $68,640,000. There are five ammunition works, turning out $1,929,000 worth of products. In boots and shoes, not including custom work, there are 1,959 factories; capital, $42,994,000; employees, 111,000; wages, $43,000,000; materials, $102,000,000; products, $166,050,000. Included in this are 30,590,000 pairs of boots and 94,887,000 pairs of shoes.

As these are pretty much all consumed in this country, it follows that our 50,000,000 people kick out annually 125,000,000 pairs of foot coverings, or 2½ pairs each a year. We are evidently a well-shod people—and no fact speaks more eloquently of the average degree of comfort of the American people. The brick and tile industry employs $28,000,000 capital, 66,000 hands, pays $13,443,000 in wages, consumes $9,728,000 in stock and produces $32,833,000 worth of products. The making of firearms employs 38 works, $8,315,000 capital, 4,847 hands; the stock costs $2,560,000, the wages amount to $1,781,000 and the value of the product is $5,618,000. The sawing of lumber employs 25,000 mills, $181,000,000 of capital, 147,000 hands, pays $31,845,000 in wages, $146,000,000 for logs and other stock, and turns out a product of 18,091,556,000 feet of lumber and other stuff, all valued at $233,000,000. The following is the exhibit in regard to the paper manufacture:

PAPER MANUFACTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Number of establishments,	692
Capital invested	$46,241,202
Average number of hands employed—	
Males above 16 years,	16,133
Females above 15 years,	7,640
Children and youths,	649
Total,	24,422
Wages paid,	$8,524,855
Products—	
Tons of printing paper,	149,177
Writing paper,	32,937
Wrapping paper,	134,294
Binders' board,	20,014
Wall paper,	14,737
Pounds of colored paper	14,756,268
Bank-note paper	296,000
Tissue paper,	8,125,957
All other paper	178,719,831
Value,	$55,109,914

The slaughtering and meat-packing business (not for retail) occupies 872 establishments, in which $49,419,000 is invested; 27,000 hands are employed, to whom $10,508,000 is paid in wages. The cattle slaughtered and other material amounted in value to $267,738,000; there were 1,755,000 beeves, averaging 1,100 pounds gross weight and valued at $71,333,000, 2,233,000 sheep, averaging 92 pounds and valued at $8,957,000; 16,000,000 hogs, averaging 248 pounds and valued at $158,680,000, besides 1,748,000 hogs bought dressed. The character and value of the product are thus stated:—

MEAT PRODUCTS.

Pounds of beef sold fresh,	759,142,875
Salted or canned,	199,134,665
Mutton sold fresh,	106,692,216
Pork sold fresh,	506,077,052
Salted,	859,045,937
Bacon and ham,	1,122,742,816
Lard,	501,471,638
Value of products specified above,	$286,636,322
All other products,	16,926,098
Total,	$303,562,413

Where Are the Yankee Girls?

In one of the latest bulletins of the Census Bureau Mr. Edward Atkinson says, in an article on the specific cotton manufactures of the country:—"I find, by comparison of the actual accounts of leading factories which have been submitted to me, that in the period which has elapsed since 1840, when nearly all the operatives of New England were of American birth—mostly daughters of farmers—the following changes have occurred:—Most of the operatives are now of foreign birth, notably French Canadians, who form a thrifty and progressive element of our population as the children become educated in the schools." In connection with this same subject Mr. Atkinson remarks that the mills are now better lighted and ventilated than ever before, the hours of labor less and the "condition of the work less arduous."

The disappearance of the young women of New England from the cotton factories is a curious economic fact. French-Canadian girls have taken their places; but where are the Yankee girls? Evidently they have sought, and successfully, a higher and a more remunerative field of labor. In the last twenty years thousands of new industries have sprung up, demanding a high degree of intelligence and skill. The Yankee girl evidently has "evoluted" into these new departments of industry, leaving to the French-Canadian girl a monopoly of the field they formerly occupied. Mr. Atkinson philosophically observes: "Each decade offers its own problem and each generation shapes its own condition; therefore, unless he who considers statistics can observe what is recorded between the lines, although unwritten, he may decieve himself and mislead others."—*New York Herald.*

Will She Care?

The congregation of a fashionable New York church is just at present energetically discussing the question of "ought we to visit her," a large majority of the members, it is reported, inclining to the negative. The "her" in this case is the mother of their pastor, a woman of irreproachable moral character and unobtrusive manners. Although no fault can be found with her manners or her morals, she has in the past been guilty of that which determines society or Christians to withhold from her the ordinary courtesies of social life. Her offense is that, in former days, in order to support herself and a family of children, she pursued the calling of a washerwoman, and a people which worships a son of a carpenter refuses to extend social recognition to a worthy woman who, by the faithful performance of lowly duties, has aided her son to attain his present honorable position.

WIT AND WISDOM.

NEVER travel without a pocket companion. A well-filled pocket-book is the best.

A FRENCH physician says that raw oysters and chicken soup will nourish any girl through at least six disappointments in love.

THE reason that æsthetics so admire the stork is that he can stand for hours on one leg, and look as though he didn't know anything and didn't want to.

"THIS insurance policy is a queer thing," said Dobbs, reflectively. "If I can't sell it, I cancel it; and if I cancel it, I can't sell it."

AN INTELLIGENT farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied: "Yes; they are matched first rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing that he should."

A NEBRASKA editor who advertised to take wood on subscription, received a note the other day, saying: "I this day mail you a cottonwood chip; send me your paper for a year."

THEY were discussing an elopement, and one lady turning to her friend said: "Don't you believe it would kill you if your husband was to run away with another woman?" "It might," was the cool reply. "Great joy sometimes kills."

THE New Bedford man who fainted away out in Montana was only brought out of the fit by placing a dead fish to his nose. As he slowly began to revive he murmured: "How good! It smells just like home!"

ARABI is willing to accept exile in any part of Great Britain. He has been reading of Cetewayo's encounters with the roast beef of England, and he is anxious to make a martyr of himself and go to the steak.

A GOOD old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a person as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "What a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to your happiness!"

A HERMIT by the name of Birch has been discovered right in the heart of the City of Washington, living in a shanty behind a bill board. It may be that he came to live that way because he could not face his board bill.

PETER COOPER, the millionaire, enjoys life on a diet of oatmeal. If he were poor and could afford nothing better he would doubtless feel as miserable as a man who publishes a three-cent paper in a one-cent town.—*Philadelphia News.*

"NEVER would call a boy of mine 'Alias,'" said Mrs. Jones, of Huntsville, Ala., "if I had a hundred to name. Men by that name is allus cuttin' up capers. Here's Alias Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias, the Night-hawk—all been took up for stealin'."

A LITTLE father o'er the stile
As he would fain a sister—
Just as some mother lad would do—
He bent him down and kissed her.
The maiden cried "Aunt you a wretch
To treat a girl so badly!
You'd daughter be ashamed, I say,
To cousin me so sadly!"

A PRETENTIOUS person said to the leading man of a country village, "How would a lecture by me on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your village?" "Very well, sir; very well, indeed," he answered. "A lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them a great deal better than in this village, sir."

ARAMINTA thinks seriously of applying for divorce on the ground of fraud. She was induced to marry Frederick, she said, principally because everybody said he was a "rising young man;" but when it comes to getting up to build the kitchen fire these cold mornings, he doesn't rise worth a cent. Hence Araminta's grievance.

MRS. FITZ-NICKEL aspires to be as fashionable as any of her "swell" neighbors. She was telling a lady visitor the other morning that she had just engaged a very efficient, experienced, and high-priced French cook. While her friend was congratulating her upon her new acquisition, the French cook inserted her head within the doorway, and asked, "Shure, missus, an' shall I pale the praties, or bile 'em wid their jackets on?"

"I SEE that your son is out of the penitentiary," said a man to an acquaintance. "Yes; we proved that insanity was the cause of his killing the fellow, and they turned him out on probation." "How's that?" "They said they'd let him stay out a day or two, and if he acted like a crazy man they'd let him stay out permanently. Well, he acted like he was insane, and I reckon he'll stay out." "How did he act like he was insane?" "By killing another man."

A ONE-LEGGED orator was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him, "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and, becoming convinced that it had settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "Be the powers!" said Pat, "it would have been a better thing if it had settled in your head!"

AN ARKANSAW politician was approached by a man who said, "Colonel, please give me a nickel; I want to cross the river." "Haven't you got a nickel?" "No, sir." "I won't give you one. A man who hasn't a nickel is just as wel off on this side of the river as the other. Now, if you had money enough to establish yourself in business after crossing, I'd give you a nickel. As it is, you'd better stay here."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

OLD-FASHIONED country dances are being revived, and it is thought that fashionable balls this season will be less suggestive of sitting up with a corpse than formerly.—*Philadelphia News.* There is something very mournful about a fashionable dance nowadays. The male never says anything to the female, except it is about the fashions, or the weather, and in an evening's "amusement" nobody ever sees a smile. In an old-fashioned country dance somebody would have to laugh or break some[illegible] trying to keep a sober face. Let[illegible] more fun and less funeral obsequi[illegible] dancing.—*Peck's Sun.*

Buy your Xmas at PIERCE PICTURE STORE! We have the Largest Stock of

TOYS, DOLLS, VASES, ALBUMS, and a thousand and one Presents for the HOLIDAYS, at HOBBS Variety Store.

ALBUMS!

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

Photo. and Autograph Albums!

IS AT

W. C. PIERCE'S

Picture Store!

We also have a Large Stock of BRACKETS, SCRAP BOOKS, Prang's Christmas Cards, Cabinet Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Writing Desks, &c., &c., &c.

☞All new goods. Please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

W. C. PIERCE.

Norway, Dec. 7, 1882.

John F. Fitz's Store,

Main Street,

Norway, Me.

The largest assortment of

Canned Goods,

Meats and Fruit.

Confectionery, Fruits, Nuts, & Fancy Groceries, Jellies & Preserves.

KENNADY'S CRACKERS a specialty.

DEALER IN

Fresh Fish, Oysters, SALT MAPES, FINS, MACKEREL, AND TONGUES.

A large stock of

Tobacco and Cigars.

☞All the leading brands.

Cyrus S. Tucker

Has for sale at the *lowest living prices,*

BUFFALO and WOLF ROBES!

Woolen Lap Robes, Horse Blankets of every kind. Trunks, Valises, Satchels, etc., etc.

Sale and Custom Made

HARNESSES!

☞All kinds of WHIPS on hand. All goods warranted as represented.

Shop and Store, Main St.,

Norway, Me.

Photograph Sittings

ARE NOW MADE AT

Burnham's Rooms,

Cottage Street, NORWAY, Me.,

In from 2 to 5 seconds. Nervous people and Children can now be Photographed with much less trouble.

And do you know **NOW IS THE TIME** to give your

CHRISTMAS ORDERS.

The days are short, now, and we have but half the time to work that we do in summer.

If you wish a **FINE COPY in a Family Group,** please give me an early call, and I will do my best to satisfy you.

☞My Rooms are open day and evening to make engagements.

A nice lot of FRAMES on hand to select from. Please call and see a large collection of specimens, from Card to Life size. ☞Call in the morning for Sittings.

J. U. P. BURNHAM,
Norway, Me.

YOU CAN BUY

VIOLINS

From Three Dollars to One Hundred and Fifty Dollars!

Well worth the money, at

HORACE COLE'S.

The A. B. C. of Our Business!

ATTRACTIVE STYLES.
ADMIRABLE MATERIAL.
ATTENTIVE CLERKS.

BIG ASSORTMENT.
BEST GOODS.

COMPARE OUR STOCK.
CONSIDER THE SAVING.
COME RIGHT ALONG to

JACKSON CLARK,

The Reliable Shoe Dealer,

Norway, Me.

Splendid Flour!

Globe Brand!

LARGE STOCK,

—AT—

GEO. W. HOLMES' STORE,

AT THE FALLS.

ALSO,

Crockery, Glass, and Earthern

WARE.

A NICE LOT OF

LAMPS, SHADES, CHIMNEYS, Etc.

Full Line of

GROCERIES

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Shelf Goods,

Tobacco and Confectionery.

G. W. HOLMES,

STEEP FALLS, NORWAY, ME.

MARRIED

At South Paris, Nov. 29th, by Rev. E. W. Simons, Mr. A. H. Johnson and Miss Nellie Woods, both of Norway.

At Vineland, N. J., Dec. 11, by Rev. J. O. Wells, Rev. C. S. Cummings of Andover, Me., and Miss Carrie A. Neff of Vineland.

DIED

At Oxford, Dec. 15, Mrs. Wm. Robinson, aged 50 years.

Christmas!

S. RICHARDS

HAS NOW A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Watches! Clocks!!

JEWELRY,

SILVER & PLATED WARE,

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES!

And every article usually found in a first-class Jewelry Store.

☞Prices as low as the *lowest,* and the *quality* of goods *guaranteed.*

Please call early and select your presents before the rush.

S. RICHARDS.

SOUTH PARIS.

[Deferred from last week.]

Canton.

Winter is upon us in good earnest. She gathered her forces Nov. 29th and marched directly to the front. Autumn had made no preparation for retreat. The ten thousand cattle were finding sweet grapes on her hills and in her valleys, when winter made a grand charge on her whole line, and with her white plumed brigade drove her sister Autumn to the wall, and after a full retreat she has returned to winter quarters. Our first snow storm in 1881 was Jan. 2d with the Androscoggin River open and no crossing, and now eight inches of snow and good ice bridges all along the line.

Our lumbermen are busy in making ready for the woods. Large contracts for drawing wood have been made by Frank Stevens and Stephen Packard—three to four thousand cords all told. Wood is becoming quite an object of commerce in our town, in consequence of the vast amount consumed at the Pulp Mills. It requires about nine thousand cords to supply those alone. The Rumford Falls and Buckfield R. R. is supplimenting coal burners for wood in its engines. Many of our citizens also are burning coal.

Business is lively in our village. Produce is brought from many towns above us, from fifteen to thirty miles, and it is a very common thing for our R. R. to send out from ten to fifteen loaded freight cars in one train. It looks like business to see car loads of live hogs, cattle, hops, apples and potatoes all in the same train, with perhaps eight or ten car loads of lumber. Our Rail Road bonds are in demand at 112, and cannot be obtained at that price.

Fred Rowe was married to Cora Holland on the 29th of Nov. at the residence of Marshall Holland, esq., father of the bride.

Lewis O'Brion from Norway has just opened a fine large stock of cloths, furnishing goods and ready made clothing in Harlow's Block.

The two elegant houses, Queen Anne style, of the Gilbert Brothers, are approaching completion, as is also Dr. Cooley's fine large set of buildings.

Quite a number of small houses and other buildings have been erected this season, and many contemplate building another year.

Quite a distinguished visitor from the sea shore arrived in town one day last week and made a call on A. L. Hathaway, esq., our Insurance agent, and introduced himself as a poultry dealer, and as being pleased with the prices asked and being very anxious to obtain some choice chicks. As soon as the door closed, upon a very choice flock of Brahmas, he made a dive to secure one of the finest pullets; the pullet struggled for dear life and alarmed Mrs. Hathaway, who observed the gentleman, and without stopping for the agent, with broom in hand, made for the intruder and soon had him at bay. Mr. H. hearing the outcry grabbed his revolver and made for the door, but the rascal had taken wings and was making off rapidly. Mr. H. followed him in close pursuit, other parties also fell in, some shots were fired, which made the thief's eyes stick out wonderfully, but he observed his wisdom by leaving town, and a recent notice mentioned the departure of a monstrous white owl away down east in Troy, which probably was the same poultry dealer that made the call on Brother Hathaway.

Stoneham.

The school in this district commenced this week taught by J. Warren, of Waterford.

E. S. Bartlett and wife arrived in town last week from Cheyenne, W. T. accompanied by Dr. W. F. Lee. The Dr. comes to visit the New England States, and we hope he may locate in our own state. Mr. Bartlett brought home quite a collection of minerals and curiosities, and among them was the skull of an Indian unearthed by some workmen digging a cellar about 25 miles west of Cheyenne. The bones were eleven feet beneath the surface, and beside the bones they found several hundred beads The skull is curiously formed; the cheek bones are very prominent, forehead low and retreating, combativeness and distructiveness largely developed, conscientiousness and mirthfulness, none.

The skull is in the possession of your correspondent, who will be pleased to have any person interested in Phrenology call and examine it. He has also the skull of a white man, and the difference in formation between the two is remarkable.

Sewall Butters is talking of purchasing and moving into the house owned by Jas. L. Parker; known as the Rand house, and letting his farm to his son Walter Butters.

The prospect is quite encouraging for E. B. Russell to recover the sight of his injured eye under skillful medical treatment. It will be remembered that in a former issue of the Advertiser we gave an account of his injury. For nearly seven months he has been unable to do a day's work.

Sweden.

Oak timber is coming to the steam mill in earnest, and the mill will commence cutting on the oak this week.

Edward Sanderson has eight oxen and two horses on the job, hauling Mr. Knight's timber from the S. H. Ridlon lot.

William Ridlon is cutting his timber on the Hazen lot, and the teams will soon commence hauling it to the mill.

Mr. Francis Hamlin and Charles B. started for Texas last week.

Mr. Benjamin Nevers slaughtered a 17 months old pig last week which weighed 560 lbs.

Mrs Mary Chute has gone to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Amos White at South Boston.

Whitcomb & Locke

ARE RECEIVING THEIR

NEW STOCK

—OF—

Fall and Winter GOODS!

CONSISTING OF A GOOD LINE OF

BLACK AND COLORED PLUSHES, VELVETS AND SILKS,

Black and Colored Cashmere, SHOODA CLOTHS, PLAIDS, &c.

We have

Suiting Flannels

in all the new shades, at BOTTOM PRICES!

We would especially invite attention to our

Ladies' Vests!

at the popular price of 50 cents, which we claim to be the best vests for the money to be found anywhere.

We also have

LADIES' VESTS & PANTS

in better quality in White and Scarlet.

GENTS' UNDER WEAR,

in great variety.

Our Stock of

Woolens & Shirting Flannels

is large and will be sold low.

We have added largely to our stock of

Boots, Shoes, & Rubbers!

An examination of our Hand Sewed work for Mens' wear is invited.

Ladies' French & American Kid Boots,

In different widths.

ALSO, A FULL STOCK OF

GROCERIES!

which we will sell at *Lowest Living Prices!*

WHITCOMB & LOCKE

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

300 Bbls. New Flour

of different grades, which they are selling at prices that will pay anyone to lay in a year's stock.

Rollers, Winter and Spring Patents!

☞For those who want the best Flour to be had, we recommend PILLSBURY'S Best. All flour warranted.

L. L. Howard, Jr.

WOULD like to say to those wishing CEMETERY WORK, that he has added the

MARBLE

to his GRANITE BUSINESS, and with the

Granite & Marble

united, and a number of years' experience, believes that he is safe in saying that he can give them as good work, and at lower prices than any one in Oxford County. If you do not believe it, call, and he will tell you the reason why.

He employs no agent, but if parties wishing work will drop him a card, he will call and see them, and give them the benefit of agent's pay.

In short, he wishes to say that he will make every effort to give those who employ him their money's worth.

POLISHED GRANITE

a specialty.

URNS! or anything in the Cemetery line, furnished.

L. L. HOWARD, Jr.

Norway, Me., July 7, 1882.

N. B.—No business from sunset Friday, to sunset Saturday.

The Atlantic Monthly.

For 1883 will contain

Contributions in almost every number by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," etc.

"Michael Angelo, A Drama."

Which was left complete by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, And which will run through three numbers of the magazine, beginning with January.

"The Ancestral Footstep,"

Outlines of an exceedingly interesting Romance, from the manuscript of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"Daisy Miller, A Comedy,"

By HENRY JAMES, JR.

A dramatization, with important alterations, of his very popular story "Daisy Miller."

Stories, Essays, Sketches and Poems by John G. Whittier, William D. Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, Sarah Orne Jewett, Richard Grant White, Rose Terry Cooke, Horace E. Scudder, George P. Lathrop, Harriet W. Preston, and many others of the best American writers.

THE ATLANTIC furnishes its readers in the course of a year as much reading as is contained in *Twenty Ordinary Volumes* of 300 pages each.

The numbers for November and December will be sent free to all new Subscribers for THE ATLANTIC for 1883 who remit before December 1.

TERMS: $4.00 a year in advance, *postage free*; 35 cents a number. With superb life-size portrait of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, or Emerson, $5.00; with two portraits, $6.00; with three $7; with four, $8.00; with five $9.00; with all six, $10.00.

Remittances should be made by Money order, draft, or registered letter, to

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.
4 Park St., Boston, Mass.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of November, A. D. 1882.

JOSEPH F. HERRICK, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Francina J. Herrick, late of Norway, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate.

ORDERED, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Co. Advertiser, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of December next at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed at the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

R. A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register

Notice of Assignee of his Appointment,

At Paris, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, the fourth Wednesday of November, A. D. 1882.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of the estate of Ephraim Wight of Gilead, in the County of Oxford, Insolvent Debtor, who has been declared an Insolvent upon his petition which was filed on the eight day of November A. D. 1882, by the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford.

ALVAN B. GODWIN, Assignee.

Administrator's Notice,

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

EBEN G. ANDREWS, late of Norway,

in said county, deceased, by giving bonds as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

SILAS D. ANDREWS.

Albany.

Messrs. Kilburn and Sanders are doing a good business at their Steam Mill, sawing oak staves. They have six coopers making shook and are about adding to this force. They have about six thousand shook now on hand and have contracted the hauling to the depot at Bethel, distance some eight or nine miles, for fourteen cents per shook.

Business is begining to be lively about McAllister's Steam Mill. They have contracted for ten hundred cords stave and spool timber. Several crews have been sawing and preparing for the teams for nearly a month. Teams are just starting. The snow is not quite sufficient for good sleding.

The scarcity of water has obliged Stephen Libby and Fernald & Flint to nearly suspend business at their mills on crooked river.

Thomas Morrill has a crew on the Abbott lot getting ship timber. He gets some very handsome timber, and some that would be, called anything but handsome in form.

Mrs. Mary Cummings still clings to life. Physicans in consultation have just decided that in their opinion she can survive but a very short time.

For judicious editing, select and popular contributors, and sprightly and entertaining reading, the *Yothw's Companion*, of Boston, has no superior among the youth's publications. It has more than two hundred thousand subscribers, and unquestionably merits its success. A Special Correspondent.—The well-known author Mrs. A. H. Leonowens has been sent to Russia by the Youth's Companion, and will soon contribute a striking series of articles on "Life in the Out-of-the-way Nooks and Corners of Russia."

North Paris.

N. J. Cushman has just finished threshing at the Cushman and Abbott mill. He has threshed this season 2000 bushels of grain for the farmers in this vicinity. C. W. Chase last year with the same power threshed 2750 bushels.

Cushman and Abbott have sawed 200,000 shingles at their mill the past season, besides making butter tubs and doing a large amount of job work.

C. W. Chase raised 30 bushels of the White Russian Oats the past season from one bushel of seed. We learn that this variety has not done well with some of our neighbors. Mr. C. has satisfied himself that more than one kind was sent out under the same name, and that he has got the genuine article.

We were sorry to learn that Edwin Gray died very suddenly Wednesday, a week ago, of pneumonia.

Gibbs Benson returned home last week from the woods with a broken ankle, where he had gone to spend the winter.

The Union Sabbath School will have a Concert and Christmas Tree at the meeting house on Christmas Eve. It is expected that old Santa Claus will make his appearance about nine o'clock with a rich load of presents.

We learn that there is to be a Grand Army Post instituted at West Sumner next Saturday at one o'clock. It is expected to organize with about forty comrads.

South Woodstock.

Miss Gertrude A. Hardin of Sumner is teaching a profitable school in the Dunham district.

Miss Ethlin Bryant has returned from Boston where she has had an operation on her eyes. She was nearly sightless, now she can see to read the finest print.

Frank Barrett is doing quite an extensive business buying sheep for canning. He has killed and shipped 800 all ready.

Nancy, wife of W. P. Andrews has been quite sick with lung trouble, but is now gaining slowly.

R. R. Robbins is making extensive repairs on his house, which is a great improvement to the looks.

T. C. Cushman had a cancer removed from his face. He is doing well.

West Paris.

Mr. Gibbs Benson came home from the woods with a broken leg last Monday.

Mr. Fred Dunham, son of Joseph Dunham, and a school teacher on Summer Hill, froze his right foot badly last Friday evening, which will lay him up for a few weeks.

Foxes are plenty and bold raiding upon farm yards and carrying off poultry.

Santa Claus has apparently made his headquarters at Andrws & Curtis and C. H. Lane's, at least we should judge so by the good display of Christmas goods upon their counters.

Herbert Swift's colt became frightened at some school children last Saturday, and left his sleigh well demolished hitched to a cedar post in G. H. Briggs' fence.

Henry Stearns, son of Porter Stearns of Paris, is teaching the winter term of school, and from what we can learn is keeping a good school and giving good satisfaction. His order is good, one of the first requisites of a profitable term of school.

Mrs. Andrews, widow of the late A. C. Andrews, has a very sick horse and it is thought she will lose him. The horse is a valuable one, of the Knox breed, and was bought by Mr. Andrews just before his death, and he was very sure that he could make a fast trotter of him. It will be a great loss to Mrs. Andrews.

The Janurry number of *Ballow's* magazine contains the opening chapters of the long-promised story "The Belle of Australia," by William H. Thomes, author of "The Gold-Hunters of Australia," "The Bushrangers," "A Whalemans Adventures," "Running the Stockade," and other novels. The opening chapters of this new novel promise to be the most brilliant that ever appeared from the pen of the author, and we hope our readers will not neglect to obtain a copy of Ballou's, and read the commencement of the story, each part being illustrated. In addition to the above there is a capital table of contents, among which are the following: "The Lakes of Maine," "Song," "A Noble Sacrifice," "Facts Worth Knowing," "Privateers of the War of 1812," "Wooing by Proxy," "Views among the Wonders of Nature," "A Buried Treasure," "Fashion Notes," "Miss Polly's Indispenable," "The Housekeeper," etc., etc. Published by Thomes & Talbot, 23 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass., at only $1.50 per annum. Single copies 15 cents.

OXFORD ss:—At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of November, A. D. 1882.

On the petition of JOHN W. PREBBLE, Guardian of Gertrude I. Prebble, of Oxford, in said County, deceased, praying for license to sell and convey one individual half of the Prebble homestead, consisting of the buildings and about ten acres of land, situated in said Oxford, to Woodbury L. Stanton at an advantageous offer of two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

ORDERED, That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing an abstract of his petition, with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Co. Advertiser, a newspaper printed at Norway, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

R. A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

Administrator's Notice.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

FRED H. TRUE, late of Norway,

in said county deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

OTIS TRUE.

Oxford.

Moses Ordway got three fingers torn quite badly in Robinson's Woolen Mill Thursday last.

R. Gilbert of Welchville recently slaughtered a pig 6 months old which weighed 268 lbs.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, in the providence of Almighty God, our worthy brother, John H. Douglass has been removed from earth to the spirit world, in the zenith of his manhood and usefulness. Therefore

Resolved. That we bow in submission to the wisdom of our Heavenly Father, and by this sorrowful event are reminded of our common destiny and the uncertainty of life, and that we should be ever preparing for the great change from mortal to immortality.

Resolved. That we cherish the memory of his many virtues, and sadly miss his presence at our communications, where he was always glad to meet us, but we trust our loss may be his gain; and that we ere long—one by one—as we leave the active scenes of earth, and go to that land of silence from whence no traveler returns, may unite with him in one sacred band of brothers, in that world of light and peace and rest.

Resolved. That we tender our sincere sympathy to his bereaved family in this hour of their deep sorrow.

Resolved. That we spread these resolves upon our records, send a copy to his family and to the Oxford Democrat and Oxford County Advertiser for publication.

J. G. RICH,
J. C. BILLINGS, } Com.

Approved in Bethel Lodge No. 97, Free and Accepted Masons, at their stated communication Dec. 14, 1882.

A New and Wonderful Discovery.

A portrait more life-like and beautiful than any thing the imagination can conceive.

It is painted in *Oil Colors*, by a new process, and is so perfect in its natural life-like and artistic coloring that it seems not like a cold, dead picture, but like a living person, about to move and speak. The pictured eye looks into yours with the light of recognition; the skin is a perfect flesh-color, warm tinted, and smooth as the smoothest ivory ever brought from Afric's shore; the mouth and lips look warm and moist as if about to utter words—to wreathe in smiles—to melt in loving tenderness; and every aspect recalls the once familiar expression of the *absent or departed.* They will *never fade.*

PRICE: One of these grand oil paintings in a splendid 2 inch, 8x10, Black Walnut, Ebony, and Gold Frame, with a magnificent mat handsomely decorated with most beautiful hand paintings of lovely flowers—all for $3.50, or $4.00 in *extra finish.*

TERMS: $2.00 in advance, rest when picture is finished, and found to be *satisfactory;* should such a case occur, as one of these pictures failing to give *perfect* satisfaction I will cheerfully make a new picture, or return the money.

They can be taken from life, with becoming pose, or copied from any old picture by

J. K. CHASE, Artist,
Oxford Maine.

If you have an old picture you wish copied *nice* I'm the man, you are look ing for.

BOY WANTED!

E. W. Howe wants a young man 17 or 20 years of age as clerk in his store. One without experience preferred. Apply at once.

YOU CAN BUY

WATCHES

—AT—

HORACE COLE'S

FROM

ONE DOLLAR

—TO—

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.

—o—

YOU CAN BUY

CLOCKS

—AT—

HORACE COLE'S

FROM

$2 TO $15.

Always in Stock!

Hobbs' Variety Store

Will occupy this Corner for **26 weeks,** to Advertise as many

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

Crockery, Glass, Tinware, and Lamp Goods!

Hanging Lamps for the Holidays! LOOK!

11 inch Shade Brass Library Lamp,		$5.50
" " "	" "	3.45
" " "	Ebony and Gold Finish,	3.95
" " "	Extra Gilt, "	3.35
" " "	Dark Verde, "	3.38
12 " "	French Bronze, "	2.50

Lamp Fixturers, of all kinds!

FURNITURE!

Large Stock to be sold, **Cheap for Cash,** to reduce stock for winter.

Chamber and Parlor Sets!

OF ALL KINDS.

Lounges, Easy Chairs, Mirrors, Spring Beds, Etc.

Call and Examine!

Goods delivered free on the Grand Trunk Railroad, within 40 miles of this village.

C. S. CUMMINGS, Norway, Me.

Special Notice!

T. G. GOODWIN,

Respectfully informs the public that he keeps on hand the needed assortment of

Burial Caskets,

which includes VELVET, CLOTH, and CRAPE covered.

—ALSO—

UNDERTAKER'S SUPPLIES!

Old Stand Main Street, near Academy.

Norway, Me.

THE

New Hub!

IS THE

Best Stove Made!

SEE IT AT

J. O. CROOKER'S!

This Stove combines all the improvements—economical in fuel, and fitted for Wood or Coal.

—o—

CROOKER has all the best

HEATERS

FROM AN

OIL STOVE,

—TO A—

$500 FURNACE!

A Full Line of **HARDWARE!** TIN SHOP connected.

J. O. CROOKER.

NORWAY, ME.

YOU CAN BUY

Sheet Music

5 Cents per Copy, at

HORACE COLE'S.

I. N. SMALL

Has for sale, at the *lowest prices,* the

Providence River Oysters!

By the pint or gallon.

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY!

ALL KINDS OF

Canned Goods,

Nuts, Spices, Tobacco and Cigars, Etc.

Main St., NORWAY, Me.

To Let.

The rooms now occupied by Mrs. Twombly, next door to Whitcomb & Locke. Possession given about January 1st, 1883. Apply to

EDWIN W. HOWE.

Use JORDAN'S STANDARD MEDICINES.

JORDAN'S Blood Purifier.
JORDAN'S Magic Liniment.
JORDAN'S Indian Salve.
JORDAN'S Catarrh Remedy.
JORDAN'S Porous Hemlock Plasters!

Our Guarantee.

☞Every bottle or package of our medicine not proving as recommended, the price of the same will be refunded.

JONAH JORDAN, Proprietor,
New Gloucester, Me.

For sale in Norway by A. O. Noyes, Druggist. South Paris by A. M. Gerry, and in neighboring towns by leading Druggist and Grocers.

DENNIS PIKE,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Hard & Soft Soap.

Factory on Paris street, NORWAY.

☞Ashes and Grease taken in exchange for Soap. If in want of Soap, speak to Mr. Pike, or drop him a postal card, and you will be promptly served.

FREELAND HOWE,

Insurance and Real Estate Agent,

NORWAY, ME.

Save your Dollars

BY BUYING YOUR

CLOTHING

Hats, Caps & Gents' Furnishings

—AT—

ELLIOTT'S

Clothing Store,

Norway, Maine.

To get more reliable - - CLOTHING!
Or more stylish - - CLOTHING!
Or better fitting - - CLOTHING!

Or a better assortment to chose from; or more real value for your money, than is offered by

F. Q. ELLIOTT.

Our Stock is the LARGEST;
Our Prices *shall be* the *LOWEST!*

Come and See.

STILL it COMES!

Flour Lower!!

Two more Car Loads

—OF—

ROLLER FLOUR

WASHBURN SUPERLATIVE!

Best in the Market.

C. N. TUBB'S, Norway.

P. S.—OLIVE BUTTER, for sale.

HOLIDAY GOODS

AT

Crockett's Drug Store!

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Plush Odor and Toilet Cases!

Jewel & Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Ink Stands, Toilet Sets, Vases, Moustache Cups, Shaving Mugs. Children's Tea Sets, Smoker's Sets,

Pipes and Cigar Cases, Doll's Toys, Accordions,

Photograph and Autograph Albums, Scrap Books, Juvenile Books, Bibles, Poems, Wallets, Picture Frames,

and hundreds of articles which space forbids mention. Also, the

Famous Florentine Statuary

(OF WHICH WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR NORWAY.)

Also PRANC'S

CHRISTMAS CARDS

in an endless variety. ☞Also, a full stock of

Diaries for - - - 1883.

☞Suffice it to say our Stock is Larger than ever before, and at lower prices! *All Fresh Goods.*

S. L. CROCKETT, Registered Apothecary,

Hathaway's New Block, **Norway, Me.**

Buy your BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at J. F. ALLEN'S. Selling cheap!

BRACKETS,

OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1882.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Clothing—J. F. Huntington & Co.
Millinery—Mrs. A. B. Chase.
Store to Rent—Mrs. C. E. Shackley.

An Appropriate Present.

We know of nothing so appropriate for a Christmas or a New Year's present to an absent friend as a year's subscription to the ADVERTISER. It will not only be like a letter from home to the recipient but it will be a weekly reminder through the year of the giver. You have only to send us the price of the yearly subscription, to wit: $1.50, and we will forward, if desired, a printed receipt to any person you may designate, stating that the year's subscription to the paper is a present from you.

Norway and Vicinity.

Send in the local items.

Large wood wanted at this office.

Read our supplement this week.

Chas. G. Blake recently visited Boston.

Don't forget to look at S. L. Crockett's Christmas.

Freeland Howe favors us with calenders for '83. Thanks.

Circle at Concert Hall next Wednesday afternoon and evening. Promenade.

Christmas tree at the lower church vestry on Monday evening. You are invited.

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Mrs. Luella Warren and two children of Rochester, N. H. are visiting friends and relations in this vicinity.

Capt. John Fitz has the big stick of candy. If you are good on a guess perhaps you may get it.

A good guess will give you the stem winding watch at J. F. Huntington & Co.'s new store.

Don't forget to buy your lady friend a Hat for a Christmas present at Mrs. A. B. Chase's. Read ad.

An appropriate Christmas sermon will be preached at the Congregational Church next Sabbath.

Have you got your christmas presents? If not, look over our advertising columns and govern yourself accordingly.

Dr. Tilton proposes to live on a light street, hence the best light and appurtenances opposite his house, in the village.

Wood has been coming into the village at a great rate the past week. The price ranges from $3.50 to $5.00 per cord.

Want a copy of this paper of Sept. 1st and Nov. 10th at this office. Will not some one send them in and be rewarded.

Sunday evening Talk or a Christmas story, by the pastor of the Universalist Church next Sabbath evening at 7. Christmas sermon in the afternoon.

Several runaways, tip-overs and wrecks on our streets the past week. As no one was seriously injured we withhold names.

J. F. Huntington & Co. formerly of Hollowell, open a Ready-made Clothing and Custom Tailoring store in the new block.

Mr. T. G. Godwin visits Boston this week for the first time in sixteen years. He will make a stay of several weeks and in his absence his business will be under the charge of Mr. Thayer.

We recently had a pleasant letter from O. R. Crockett, who is sojourning in the south for his health. He is stopping at Thomasville, Ga., and reports doing well.

The members of the Chatauqua Circle meet at the residence of Rev. Mr. Wiswall next Friday evening from 7:30 to 9 o'clock. All who think of joining and all members of other circles are cordially invited.

W. E. Mann, of the firm of L. M. & W. E. Mann of Milton Plantation, will be in town until Dec. 26th. Any one in want of a good sleigh either high or low studed will do well to consult him at the store of E. W. Howe.

Christmas Cantata at Concert Hall next Monday evening. This is a beautiful piece appropriate to the season. Admission 10 cents, children five cents. Members of the S. S. free. After the Cantata, the presents will be distributed from the trees.

All those interested in getting up a first class lecture course, are requested to meet in Academy Hall next Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. It is hoped that there will be a good number present. Don't forget you are invited. Every one is requested to be present Next Tuesday evening. It is important that every person who is interested in this proposed course to be present.

Among our exchanges is the *Willow Record.* It is a small paper to be sure but this only goes to prove that good things are usually done up in small packages. We read it every week and are much pleased with it. It is distinctively a local, historical and biographical sheet, and is just such a paper as every body in Wilton or out of Wilton, or those who are interested in that section of our state ought to take.

Mr. J. S. Merrell of Mc. Falls has recently made for the Masonic Lodge of this place, a set of chairs for the master and wardens. They are made of carved black walnut upholstered in scarlet, and more or less ornamented with masonic jewels. They are probably the best set of chairs of the kind in the county. Mr. Merrill makes a specialty of this kind of work, and if he is a success.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for January contains: "Michael Angelo," part first; "An Apennine Valley;" "The Ancestral Footstep—Outlines of an English Romance;" "A Summer Pilgrimage;" "An After Breakfast Talk;" "Miriner's Parsifal;" "A Parallel;" "Study in the South XI;" "Wild Honey;" "A Stranger, Yet at Home;" "Christmas Days in Oregon," etc. Terms, $4.00 per annum 35 cents, or $4.00 per year. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

The Editor of the *Ossipee Valley News* advertises two safes for sale. That's just the way with this newspaper business. When a man goes to it he thinks he is going to get rich sudden that he goes and buys two safes. After a while he finds that piling in all his old exchanges in "Spring" poetry he can't more than up one safe, so he stows away the other up in the back garret. As he goes on he concludes that his breeches pockets will hold all his money, and get a little cash he sells his safes. The last resort of the Editor is to sew breeches pockets.—*Winthrop Bee.* The same here.

Large Stoc

BRACKETS, SCRAP BOOKS, ALBUMS and CABINET FRAMES in the County!

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Have you availed yourself of the invitation given last week by Mason Bros.? If you have you found we did not tell half the story. They claim every week to be adding novelties, and they thus far have made good their claims. The latest and best of every thing in their line will always be found at their store, at popular prices. We were surprised when we called in the other day to find the display of Ranges, Parlor Cooks and Heating Stoves that they have on their Sample Floor. One Range in particular, called the Glenwood, for coal or wood, surpasses any thing we have ever seen, of large size, smooth castings, and perfectly mounted, with deep polished edges, and all the latest improvements. It truly stands at the head of its class. The Magic Grate is new, and works to a charm. They tell us that the construction of the Glenwood is covered by 21 Patents. Call and see it, even if you have a good Range now, you will wish you had the Glenwood.

Another idea that Mason Bros. have introduced in the Stove trade is a Range especially for wood, with all the latest frills, including a hearth in front the same as on a common square top stove. It is just such a Range as all want who burn wood. It is called the Elmwood. They also have the same Range for coal, that is perfection in itself.

The Emma Parlor Cook has too many friends in this vicinity to require extended notice at this time from us. It has proved to be just what every one wants. In their *show window* is a Heating *Stove* named the Dartmouth, which is a beauty, on either side of which stands the Florence Heating Stove and Cooking Stove. It is useless to name all they have. Just call and see for yourself. One thing remember their prices are *the lowest.*

They are just putting in a fine line of Toilet ware, Cake Chests, Bissell's Carpet Sweepers, and other useful articles, which are the newest and latest in the market.

Their Store is centrally located, and with the fine stock they carry, we bespeak for them a liberal share of the trade of this section. Don't fail to visit them, and examine their stock, and get their prices for whatever you may want. They guarantee all their goods as represented, and that the price shall please all. S

J. F. HUNTINGTON & CO.

WILL OPEN

SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1882,

IN THE

New Block, Norway,

ONE OF THE LARGEST STOCKS OF

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

Gents' Furnishing

GOODS!

Hats and Caps,

To be found in Oxford County.

We shall offer BARGAINS in

Over Coats, Suits, Hats, & Caps.

Remember the prices tell! and if you are in want of an Over Coat, a Suit of Clothes, or a pair of Pants, Under Shirts or Drawers, Gardigan Jackets, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs, Suspenders, Neck Wear, or anything usually kept in a first-class Clothing Store. That it will be for your interest to call at the

New Store

before buying. We also carry a line of fine

WOOLENS,

from which we shall make

CUSTOM WORK

to order, and warrant work and fits.

☞Come in and get the new **Stem Winding Watch** that we are going to give away to the person making the best guess.

Andover.

Mr. Edmund M. Bailey, Andover, is teaching school in district No. 6 in North Rumford.

Smith's new Steam Mill works to perfection. Mr. Smith is doing a large and prosperous business.

Andover's champion pig was slaughtered by D. G. Berry. The pig was 8½ months old and weighed 465 lbs.

Mr. Charles Cushman suffered a severe loss by the drowning of a span of horses while attempting to cross Richardson lake last Friday.

The lyceum at district No. 4 the 16th was quite successful. Select readings were read by Misses Sadie Akers, Josie Campbell and Alice Campbell, also a declamation by Arthur Meserve. The question was ably discussed by Mess. A. K. Bryant, L. I. Akers, J. O. Newton and E. M. Bailey. Music being freely interspersed throughout the evening made it a very interesting entertainment.

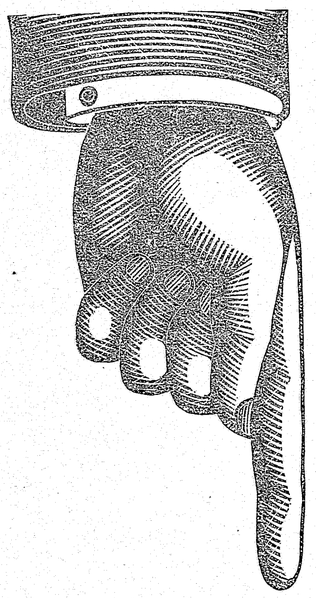
1882. CHRISTMAS HOIDAYS! 1883.

Everybody in the County of Oxford, are invited to examine the LARGEST AND MOST EXTENSIVE, but selected and varied assortment of HOLIDAY GOODS ever shown in this vicinity.

The Stock for the Holiday season of 1882-3, is by all odds the largest and best ever exhibited in the County.

Call and see for yourselves!

At the Noyes' Drug Store, may be found the largest stock of Holiday Good to be seen any where in Oxford County, which includes nearly everything in the line of *Holiday Goods,* consisting in part of Albums, both Autograph and Photograph, Scrap and Juvenile books, Work Boxes and Writing Desks, Dictionary Stands, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, and the largest assortment of BOX STATIONERY to be found anywhere, including the famous *Fifteen Cent Stationery;* Plush Dressing Cases, Toilet Sets and Cases, a large line of choice Perfumes, and Cut Glass Perfume Bottles, Shaving Sets for those who need, Smoking Sets, and an unusually fine line of Meerschaum Pipes, Dolls of every style and price, Wax, China, Rubber and Indestructible, to suit any child; dressed Dolls for those whose mothers have no time to spare to dress them! Books to suit every tastes and pocket; choice books and choice bindings. Black Walnut Stands, Tables, Music Stands, Brackets, and some very handsome Willow Work Baskets. Special bargains in Accordions an Music Boxes. Bargains in Hand Mirrors, Fancy Hair Brushes, Brush and Comb Cases, Plush Brush and Comb Wall Pockets; Ink Stands and Racks, in new and attractive styles, including the new novelties of Olive Wood Inkstands and Writing Desks. Cards in almost endless profusion, *suitable for CHRISTMAS or NEW YEAR!* in all the new and novel designs, including those famous Fringed Cards, and those four famous Prize Cards, issued by L. Prang & Co. Celluloid goods that are as handsome and stylish as Ivory. Bird Cages in every shape and form, and in fact everything that delights the eye and gladens the heart. TOYS! toys of every imaginable description, for the children. Vases of every style, price or idea to suit the older ones; and in fact the store is full.



THE NOYES Drug Store, NORWAY, Maine.

☞No charge for looking around; look at the new Pampas Grass, a new novelty and a curiosity. Observe the extensive assortment of Cutlery! Pocket Knives, for all! Missors and Shears, in every variety and price. Portemonnaies to suit every pocket and hand. DIARIES, in every possible style for 1883. The goods show for themselves. *Call and see them. You will be well treated, and don't forget the place, the*

NOYES' DRUG STORE, Norway, Me.

Useful Presents

I have just opened an Elegant Line of new and useful Holiday Goods!

Don't fail to examine them.

Remember the place!

M. M. Phinney's.

Norway, Me.

JOEL S. FROST & SON.

Freight Carriers and Job Teaming!

Residence and Stable on Water Street,

Norway.

☞Your work is solicited. (30tf

J. A. BOLSTER & SONS,

Marble, Granite and Monument Works!

DEALERS IN

Coffins, Caskets, Undertaker's Ware!

Velvet and Crape Caskets a specialty.

NORWAY, ME.

Stop and Read.

Largest Stock & Lowest Prices

—IN—

Oxford County!

—AT—

J. F. ALLEN'S,

Norway, Me.

Have just filled up my store with

Boots and Shoes!

bought of the best and most reliable manufacturers in New England.

THEY WERE

Bought for Cash,

AND WILL BE

SOLD VERY LOW!

☞Call and examine; no trouble to show goods.

Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Etc.,

—FOR—

Ladies, Gents, Girls, Boys, Farmers, Mechanics, and every body.

☞Boots and Shoes **made to order.** Also **Repair Work done,** at

ALLEN'S, opposite Elm House.

THE INDEPENDENT.

THE INDEPENDENT needs only to be better known to add to its already large list of friends. It has been published for thirty-five years and has acquired a world-wide reputation as the best religious and literary newspaper.

THE INDEPENDENT is not denominational. Its creed and field are broader than any sect. As a Christian journal, its aim is to strengthen and extend Evangelical religion and to defend it against the attacks of Materialism, Atheism, and unbelief. It is free to approve or criticise in any of the denominations whatever it believes is designed to advance or hinder the progress of the Gospel of Christ.

In civil and political affairs THE INDEPENDENT will contend for sound ideas and principles. It faugh against slavery and the iniquitous system of the Oneida Community. It is now fighting against Mormonism. It believes in the reform of the civil service and tariff, in the purification of politics and in cheaper postage, and will maintain those principles which the highest ethics and best intelligence requires.

THE INDEPENDENT is designed to suit all tastes and wants. We provide weekly stories by the best magazine writers, poems by the leading poets of America and England (we first published in America Tennyson's last poem,) and for others, who look especially for instruction, whether in religious, literary, educational, philosophical, or scientific articles, we furnish what no other periodical does or can. We pay large prices to obtain the most eminent writers. Besides the editorials, there are twenty-two distinct departments, edited by twenty-two specialists, which include Biblical Research, Sanitary, Legal, Fine Arts, Music, Science, Pebbles, Personalities, Ministerial Register, Hymn Notes, School and College, Literature, Religious intelligence, Missions, Sunday school, News of the Week, Finance, Commerce, Insurance, Stories, Puzzles, Selections, and Agriculture. 32 Pages in all.

We will report in full Rev. Joseph Cook's celebrated Boston Monday Lectures, which will begin in January. Mr. Cook has just returned from a two years' trip round the world, and his lectures this Winter will attract greater attention than ever.

OUR NEW TERMS FOR 1883.

One subscription one year,	$3.00
For six months 1.50; for 3 months,	0.75
One subscription two years,	5.00
One subscription five years,	10.00

These reduced prices ($2 per annum in clubs of five or more) are very much *lower* than any of the standard religious weeklies.

"TRIAL TRIP."

In order that one may read a few consecutive numbers of THE INDEPENDENT, and thus learn its value, we offer a month's subscription as a "Trial Trip," for 30 cents, which can be remitted by postage stamps. Payment of $2.70 in addition will secure the balance of a year's subscription.

Send postal card for free specimen copy and judge for yourself. Address

THE INDEPENDENT,
251 *Broadway, New York.*

We have this day marked down our entire stock of

Millinery!

Shall sell LESS THAN COST in order to dospose of our surplus stock before putting in our SPRING GOODS!

☞Don't forget the place.

M. E. CROCKETT,

Opposite Post Office, Norway, Me.

YOU CAN BUY A

DIAMOND RING

For Ten Dollars!

At HORACE COLE'S. Call and see them.

YOU CAN BUY

REAL and GARNET RINGS, at

HORACE COLE'S.

YOU CAN BUY

GOLD CHAINS

At HORACE COLE'S.

GET YOUR MILK DAILY

OF

Benjamin Tucker's

MILK CART!

Good Milk and honest measure. ☞If in want of milk, speak to the driver.

DON'T FORGET that my Stock of

Holiday Goods

IS ALWAYS COMPLETE.

HORACE COLE,

Norway.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

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NEW YORK, 1883.

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Bryant's Pond.

Chas. B. Benson esq. of Paris, a graduate of Bowdoin, is teaching the highest grade of our village school and Miss Lizzie E. Jacobs of this place the lower.

H. A. Bradeen has bought the Bennett stand for $400.

There is plenty of snow for lumbermen. A large amount of wood will be hauled to this station the coming winter. Ansel Dudley has bought 1200 cords in this vicinity. Capt. Dearborn is buying beech, white and yellow birch for his factory.

We understand that Rev. Ransom Dunham is recovering slowly from his late severe illness. Mr. Dunham is upwards of 81 years of age.

Rev. A. Bosserman formerly of Winthrop, who preached here part of the time for several years, died recently at Bethel.

Franklin Grange No. 124 held its annual meeting Dec. 2nd, for the election of officers.

A good line of christmas goods will be found at the drug store.

Chas. O. Gorman has become Pres. of the reform club. The meetings are wide awake and interesting, and the banner of temperance is waiving once more in our town. Bro. C. Gorman makes a very able presiding officer.

THE ADVERTISER improves every week and we trust it will soon double its roll of subscribers.

Our little village is enjoying all of the pleasantry of the usual country villages. But little sickness has prevailed here this season compared with years past. Our traders and mechanics are all busy, and farmers are hauling in the surplus products of their farms and selling for cash, and judging from appearances they are the happiest class of people that come to our village. As a general thing the husbandman has been well paid for his labors the past season. Potatoes are selling for 70 cts. a bushel, butter for 25 to 30 cts. per lb. eggs 28 cts. per doz. hay from $10 to $15 per ton. Poplar and white birch is in good demand and selling for a good price.

The Steam Mill Co. have commenced the manufacture of wooden stopples for cans, bottles, etc., and that in connection with the spool business will ensure a steady business at the steam mill this winter.

Our meeting houses are both occupied on the Sabbath and well filled for the season of the year, with a good appreciative audience. Rev. Mr. Tabor Universalist, as well as the Rev. Seth Benson, baptist, are preaching very interesting and profitable sermons, and their hearers are well paid for their attendance. We were a little surprised Sunday evening, Dec. 10th, after prayer meeting to see two of our high headed young men escorting two *young damsels* to their homes; one aged somewhere from 50 to 55 years, the other from 70 to 75 years. The query is, "does their mothers know they are out?" if not the public does. Boys don't sell out too cheap.

The reform club holds their meetings as usual every Sunday evening. The extreme temperance position of some of the members I fear have been rather against the influence of the club for good, and not in harmony with many life long temperance people of our vicinity, consequently an estrangement. Consistency is always a good thing. But never the less the club has done a noble work and God bless them if they are a little radicle. Reform is always in order.

Charles Benson, esq. of Paris is teaching our winter school with his usual success. It is said of Benson that the mention of his name as teacher is a guaranty of a good school every time.

The members of Jefferson Lodge of Free Masons after their lodge meeting last Tuesday evening surprised the Glen Mountain House and regaled themselves with oyster stews gotten up by mine host Mr. Alvin Coffin. v. v.

Bethel.

E. S. Hilborn is putting a circular board saw and other machinery into what is known as the old Burnham mill, in the village, under the hill.

Potatoes are selling at the station for 65 and 75 cents per bushel, according to quality.

G. P. Bean on "Honest Corner" is selling corn at 90 cents a bushel.

We understand that the friends of H. C. Barker made him up a purse of nearly three hundred dollars, after the loss of his home by fire. This is good for "Clint" and he deserves more.

Abner Davis and wife are going to Washington early in January to spend the winter.

Moses Mason has bought out his partner "Moses Russell" in the Harris wood lot on the Albany road, one mile from the village, and has at work a large crew of men, and teams of oxen and horses cutting and hauling wood, birch timber, hemlock logs, etc. He also sells the Bethel people stumpage for fire wood at 50 cents a cord. The birch, several hundred cords, we understand Capt. Dearborn has purchased, and it will be shipped by cars to Bryant's Pond for his spool mill.

There are no loafers about here this winter, but plenty of work for every body, and good wages. Teams are in demand and men are wanted.

We have just heard of the burning of Mr. A. S. Bean's spool mills at West Bethel.

Large lots of bark are being hauled to our station which we presume are to go to Norway.

North Waterford.

Mr. William Farrington of this place while passing on the street in Boston last week was struck in the forehead by a vicious horse, inflicting severe wounds just above the eye and down the side of the cheek. He was able to come home and is doing well at the present time.

Frank Knight returned the 12th inst. from Boston where he has been for the past few months at work. He bought a team of four horses having engaged to haul 100 M. staves from Cyrus Kneeland's mill to Rand's cooper's shop.

Sanders & Kilburn now employ about 25 hands at their mill and on their timber lot. They saw on an average 2600 staves daily. They have between four and five thousand shook on hand awaiting transportation to the depot at Bethel. They are business men of whom any town may be proud.

Henry Lawin sold Saturday to Philbrick of Bethel a nice pair of oxen.

John Lord sold a pair Monday to A. Bean of Albany.

Jessie Warren takes the place of F. E. Hobson in the Spool Mill of Elliott & Bartlett.

Our traders, J. B. Rand and T. H. Sawin are full of buisness.

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A PASSION FOR TRAVEL.

JULES VERNE'S NEW PLAY.

"Le Voyage a travers l'Impossible," by Adolphe Dennery and Jules Verne, was produced on Friday night at the Porte St. Martin, Paris. The story of the play is as follows:

George Hatteras, the hero, is possessed with a passion for travel. A friend of the family, the organist Volsius, a divine singer, who is looked upon as almost a supernatural being, is unable to influence him in spite of his eloquence and his supplications. The old French dancing teacher, Tartelet, a retainer of the Hatteras family, who is greatly venerated by George, is not more successful than Volsius. In spite of all their endeavors and all their prayers George is determined to depart. He, therefore, goes to Dr. Ox, who has invented a marvelous elixir, and in company with Eva, his betrothed; Axel Waldemer, a Dane; Tartelet, the retainer, and Dr. Ox himself, he descends into the bowels of the earth through the crater of Vesuvius. They traverse vast and mysterious galleries where they find not a living soul, but there are numerous indications of the presence of a people who doubtless conceal themselves and watch the travelers.

George, always ready for adventure, starts on a tour of observation and discovery. Suddenly Waldemer utters a cry. He is struck in the back by a large, curiously shaped stone. Whence comes this projectile? By what unseen hand has it been thrown? They look on all sides—nothing. Waldemer puts the stone in his pocket, it will be a souvenir of the centre of the earth. Meanwhile Tartelet, astonished by the power of the echo in these subterranean regions proposes to test it and begins to play on his violin, from which he is never separated. At the first stroke of his bow the instrument gives forth tremendous sounds; others respond in the distance, then increase as they approach. At this moment monstrous beings appear. They are led by Dr. Ox, who is not seen. They approach Eva, follow her and surround her; they are about to seize her and bear her off, when old Lyden-Broke unexpectedly appears.

Lyden-Broke, who is none other than Volsius, the good genius of the pieces, seizes Tartelet's violin and begins to play with so much soul and skill that the monsters, charmed by his new Orpheus, leave Eva to listen, then disappear at a sign from the player. Saved from the monsters, the travelers soon find themselves menaced by the flames. The fire mounts up from the centre of the earth. Sparks rain down upon them; torrents of lava roll about them. Here a very effective ballet of fire spirits is introduced. George is dazzled, transported. He had not hoped to see anything so extraordinary. Nothing now prevents him from returning to the earth to live happily with his dear Eva. Lyden-Broke (Volsius) triumphs. But Dr. Ox tells George Hatteras that what he has seen is nothing in comparison with that which he is still able to show him. George hesitates, then, pushed on by his fatal passion, decides to prosecute still further his voyage through the Impossible. The first act ends with the return of the ballet and an apotheosis of fire.

The first tableau of the second act represents the port and the roadstead of Goa, in India. It is thence the travelers are to start on a voyage of 20,000 leagues under the sea, as in the romance which bears the same title. They must embark; then, once in the offing, plunge into the water in order to reach the Nautilus, a vessel specially constructed for navigating the depths of the sea. On arriving at the quay Waldemer drops the stone which he got in the centre of the earth. It is picked up a passer-by, from whom he reclaims it. The newcomer, who is a jeweler, sees that the stone is a superb rough diamond and wishes to purchase it for the miserable sum of 200 sequins, thinking thus to rob Waldemer, who probably does not know its real value. Waldemer, believing that the stone is worthless, thinks that the merchant is mocking him and flies into a rage. The jeweler, likewise mistaken, thinks to appease Waldemer by offering him a much larger sum. Waldemer becomes furious.

"Is it not enough?" cries the jeweler. "Do you want a hundred thousand sequins?"

Waldemer, losing all control, raises his hand to strike him.

"Mercy!" cries the jeweler, falling on his knees, "I will give you five hundred thousand sequins."

This offer makes Waldemer reflect. He questions the man and learns that the stone is a diamond worth several millions.

Waldemer is wild with joy. He is now so rich that he feels sure of the affections of Babichoc, a maiden who has refused him her hand. He sends a telegram to Denmark.

Meanwhile the vessel has departed without him, bearing Dr. Ox, Eva and George Hatteras. As for Tartelet, he remains to wait for Waldemer, whose absence has alarmed him. They will rejoin their companions by walking on foot on the bottom of the sea. The elixir enables them to make this little journey. Waldemer arrives, but only to inform his friend Tartelet that he is going to return to his native land with a fortune and marry Babichoc. While he is telling of his good luck a telegram is brought to him, the reply of the woman he loves. She is unable to marry him, which she regrets (on account of his millions), for she is at that very moment being wedded to a cousin. They are about to sit down to the marriage feast. On the receipt of this disastrous news Waldemer decides to depart with Tartelet and puts the stone in his pocket. What are millions without Babichoc?

All the tableaux which follow are on exhibition of the wonders of the deep, based upon science and elaborated by the brilliant imagination of the author. They are:—

1. The plain of the sea.
2. A view of the interior of the ocean, in which the Nautilus is seen floating.
3. The cabin of Captain Nemo, on board of the vessel. Captain Nemo, it is understood, is no other than the vigilant Volsius.
4. The bottom of the sea where Waldemer and Tartelet are seized now by sharks, then by monstrous oysters, and again by huge devil fish.
5. A submarine scene, showing coral reefs, marvellous both in appearance and in the sounds which they give forth.

Once more George Hatteras declares that he is satisfied, and thinks his strange voyage is ended. But again Dr. Ox draws him on, promising him the crown of the Atlantes.

The closing tableaux of the second act are above all important on account of the *mise en scene*. George Hatteras, under the influence of the wicked Dr. Ox, allows himself to be placed on the throne in the submarine temple of the Atlantes, whose royal dynasty is about to become extinct. This election is the occasion of a marvellous fete. The new monarch is proclaimed King. Dr. Ox publicly demands the performance of the programme customary on such occasions; the new king must at this time espouse the most beautiful daughter of the realm. George makes but feeble opposition. Eva is broken-hearted; she must lose her *fiance*.

"Not yet," whispers Nemo to her; "but it is time for him to renounce his chimeras. He can be restored once more to reason, but if he succumbs again to the counsels of Dr. Ox, it may be forever."

The third act, which is full of gayety and action, transports the intrepid travelers to New York. The first scene is in the salon of the Gun Club, where there is a reunion of all the celebrated artillery officers in the New World. As in M. Jules Verne's romance, "De la Terre a la Lune,' they gravely discuss there the progress made in ballistics. Among others the question of a voyage from the earth to the moon is brought up. Moreover, an important experiment is about to be tried, for a cannon has been constructed which, it is claimed, will carry a shell built with compartments, not only to the moon, but to the new planet Altar. Five venturesome persons—our travelers—are to depart for that far-off land.

The closing of the projectile is fixed for forty-one minutes past noon; it is to be fired precisely forty-two minutes past noon. We see in the following tableau the projectile ready to be sent off into space and the cannon charged. The time for the firing approaches. Dr. Ox and George take their places in the projectile. Waldemer follows them. Tartelet is about to enter, when a messenger, out of breath, brings a telegram for Waldemer. Tartelet, who has barely time to ascend into the projectile, puts the telegram in his pocket, saying:

"I will give it to him above."

The projectile is closed at the moment Eva arrives. She wishes to have it opened; she supplicates, but it is too late. It is forty-two minutes past noon.

"Fire!" a voice commands.

The cannon is fired and the projectile disappears in space.

Eva, abandoned, is in despair. "Who will save me?"

"I," responds the pleasant voice of Michel Ardan, or rather of Volsius, who has been again metamorphosed that he may continue the struggle with Dr. Ox.

"How shall we rejoin them above?" asks Eva.

"Follow me," replies Michel Ardan, "we will be there before them."

Michael Ardan keeps his word. When Dr. Ox's projectile falls on the planet Altar, to the astonishment of the people, the indefatigable Volsius is already there, in the guise of an old savant, accompanied by Eva, who passes for his daughter. They are both supposed to be Altarians. While George and Dr. Ox go through the fairylike town, Tartelet and Waldemer question the Altarians. They learn that the planet has two suns and six moons. Everything in Altar is brilliant and rich. Precious metals and rare stones abound there, and when Waldemer shows his diamond the people laugh in his face. The Altarians would not pave their roads with such stones. Waldemer throws his diamond away in disgust. The Altarians not only have riches; heaven has given them a sensible heart and extraordinary intelligence. Their savants have learned everything. As to the duration of their existence, they live 200 years.

"Two hundred years!" cries Waldemer. "Then you have no doctors."

They have none in fact, for they have learned to do without useless things, and they live without government. Each one occupies himself with his own affairs, and all goes well.

Tartelet now gives Waldemer the telegram which he had received for him. The dispatch is from Babichoc, who informs him that she has become a widow. Her husband was killed by swallowing a large fish-bone at the wedding feast. She awaits her dear millionaire.

Waldemer is beside himself. If he had only received the dispatch sooner he would have remained on earth and married Babichoc.

Soon a great sensation is caused among the Altarians. The report is spread that their planet has become too old and that its last day has arrived. Then follow meteorological phenomena. What do these terrible perturbations mean? The savants are consulted. They declare that during 200,000 years the crust of Altar has gradually been made thin by the action of powerful internal fires, and that in a few hours it will be cracked. It is the end of the world. The Altarians wish to die in a grand final orgie. They have a magnificent banquet, with a ballet composed of the most voluptuous Altarian women. In the midst of this fete there was an explosion. All perish except the travelers, who are cast back to the earth.

The *denouement* brings us back to the scene of the first act. Dr. Ox recognizes the power of the divine Volsius and is converted.

Mme. Hattem blesses her two children, George and Eva, whose marriage is at last to take place, and all are happy. Waldemer, however, regrets his diamond, which would be worth millions on earth, but which he foolishly threw away in Altar. But Tartelet reassures him, giving him the diamond which he had picked up. They will divide the money it brings.

The Red-Headed Man.

A few days ago a carriage drove furiously down the Cunard dock, and a red-headed man bounced out.

"Is this the Cunarder?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes, sir." replied the customs official.

Down came the red-headed man's trunk off the driver's perch, and together they carried it with his valise aboard the steamer.

"When does she sail?" demanded the red-headed man of a passenger pacing the deck.

"In a few days," returned the passenger, courteously. "She has just come in."

"Great Scott!" roared the red-headed man. "Isn't this the outgoing boat?"

It was explained to him that he had made a mistake in the day, and the courteous stranger invited the red-headed man into his stateroom to partake of some refreshment.

Half an hour later the red-headed man bade his friend adieu, with many wishes for their better acquaintance. Five hours later, in New York, the red-headed man and the courteous stranger sat gloating over the valise full of laces, watches, gloves, and the like which the former had brought from the ship, and which the customs officials had never thought of examining, as he had not come on the steamer.

Customs officials will do well to investigate the baggage of red-headed men after they have spent an hour in the staterooms of courteous strangers, who can't very well carry their own smuggled truck ashore.

THE GRAIN YIELD.—Commissioner Doring in his annual report gives his estimate of the grain yield as follows: Corn, 1,635,000,000 bushels; wheat, 410,000,000; oats, 470,000,000; barley, 45,000,000; rye, 20,000,000; buckwheat, 12,000,000.

BEN BUTLER'S BRIDGE.

An Instance of His Rare Good Luck.

The just achieved triumph of Ben Butler and the clever devices with which he neutralized the effects of the "splits" in his own ranks, says a western paper, recalls an incident in the general's early career, and which is interesting as showing that even in youth Ben displayed those strategic abilities which have done so much for his military and political career.

It appears that young Butler was much enamored of a pretty girl who lived on a farm about six miles from that of the Butler family in the western part of Massachusetts. The country beauty was a coquette, however, and kept quite a large train of admirers in suspense, each rival doing his best to gain the advantage of the others. At last matters were brought to a final climax, and the damsel appointed a certain night when she would render her final decision as to which suitor she preferred.

It goes without saying that they were all better looking than Ben, but the latter determined to put the inside of his head against the outside of his opponents. The nearest way to the fair flirt's house, and the nearest one taken by all her eager followers, was over a bridge formed by a single and somewhat slippery log placed across a deep brook in the rear of the house. Young Butler repaired to this bridge an hour earlier than the accustomed "courtin' time," carrying a pale of lard with which he carefully annointed the log by the mellow moonlight, backing himself across it astraddle.

As he afterward sat with his sweetheart, waiting for the other suitors to appear, a loud splash came from the direction of the brook. Ben's game eye twinkled, and in imagination he could see one of his gorgeously gotten up fellow candidates climbing up the opposite bank with his teeth chattering and heading for home across lots, but the conspirator looked innocent as a cat in the dairy and said nothing.

Pretty soon there came another souse, and after awhile another. The beauty began to look at the clock and show evidences of decided pique at the negligence of her other admirers—a circumstance Ben did not fail to turn to his own profit.

Presently he could faintly hear voices in the distance, and he knew that the last two swains were approaching together. Pretty soon came a tremendous double splash.

"Dear me," said the young lady, "how the fish are jumping to-night."

The upshot of it was, that when the future governor rose to go, the slighted beauty gave him her hand. Sealing the bargain with an old-fashioned husking-bee kiss, Butler left his prize in such a state of exultation, that he forgot all about the greased log, and the first thing he knew both heels hit him in the back of his head, and he took a header down below, just as his victims had done. He climbed up the already well clawed bank, and made the six miles to home, uttering Kearneyisms unfit for publication.

He was taken with chills and fever as a result, and when he got well, found his *fiancee* had eloped with a hired man. Butler tells this as the narrowest escape of his life, as he says the girl began eating onions the very next day after she became engaged. The general has been lucky ever since.

The Sleepless Night.

In Gilbert & Sullivan's new burlesque "Iolanthe" the following scene appears:

The Lord Chancellor enters in a very dejected and miserable state from Westminster Hall. His repose in that usually comfortable but rather public sleeping apartment is interferred with by love—hopeless love—which "nightmare-like lies heavy on his breast." He describes with rare accuracy the horrors of a sleepless night in a song beginning:

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache and repose is taboo'd by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in without impropriety;
For your brain is on fire, the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you.
First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you;
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles—so terribly sharp is the pricking,
And you're hot and you're cross, and you tumble and toss, till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking.
Then your bedclothes all creep, to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle.
Well, you get some repose in the form of a dose, with hot eyeballs and head ever aching;
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams, that you'd very much better be waking.

* * * * * * *

You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor; and you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep, and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung and a feverish tongue, and a thirst that's intense and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover.
But the darkness has past and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long, ditto ditto my song, and, thank goodness, they're both of them over.

Cremation in England.

The *British Medical Journal* publishes a report by Dr. J. Comyns Leach on the recent cremations in Dorset. The cremation of the first body was completed in little more than two hours, and Dr. Leach says: "During the whole time of cremation, although the night was damp and oppressive, with scarcely a breath of air, and a chimney only about 22 feet high, so well did the apparatus do its work, that not the faintest trace of odor was perceptible. This, I think, was due to the free admission of oxygen through the loosely-fitting fire-clay blocks in the side, producing the perfect combustion of gases which otherwise might have escaped unburned; and this, I think, should always be provided for, where the opening is in the end, by means of short bent tubes through the walls of the cremation chamber. The following evening the whole apparatus being warm, the body of Lady Hanham, who had died in her ninetieth year, was placed in the furnace, and cremation was complete in two hours from the lighting of the fires."

THE OLDEST PRINTER.—Since the death of Thurlow Weed, Chauncey Morse, of Canandaigua, is said to be the senior printer in N. Y. State. Born in 1794, he became in 1811 an apprentice in the office of the Ontario *Repository*, at Canandaigua. The late Lewis H. Redfield had entered the same office just four years before. Afterward Messrs. Morse and Redfield were partners in publishing the Ontario *Register*. Since 1821 Mr. Morse has been connected with various newspapers in various places, and has only recently returned to spend the late afternoon of his life's long day in Canandaigua. His faculties are scarcely a whit impaired, and his health is hale and hearty.

A Little Amateure Work.

The announcement that Jem Mace, the English pugilist, is coming back to this country from Australia, has revived the old story about the joke that Zach Chandler played on Senator Conkling. Chandler and Conkling were both pretty fair amateur boxers, and they enjoyed the sport very much, though Roscoe was a little too much for Zach. Chandler wanted to play a joke on Conkling, so he hired Mace to help him. He got Mace to visit his house, and go with him to a boxing school where he was sure to meet Conkling. Chandler and Conkling sparred a round, when Chandler said he didn't feel very well, and he took off the gloves. Mace picked up one of the gloves and looked at it in an innocent sort of way, and Chandler introduced Mace as his friend, Mr. James, Postmaster at Pentwater, Mich. Conkling asked Mace if he ever boxed, and he said he used to when he was a boy, and after a little coaxing he put on the gloves. Chandler had told Mace to play off for a while, and then everlasting belt the nose off Conkling. Before they commenced Chandler asked Conkling, as a favor, that he wouldn't hurt his little friend, and Conk. said he would be careful. Conkling led off and took Mace on the forehead, and on the ear, and all around, and Mace didn't seem to be able to get a blow in anywhere. Conkling was pleased at the soft thing he had struck, and after resting a little they squared off again, and after Conk. had given Mace one in the eye, Mace woke up and gave Conkling one with each hand, a dozen times, before he could wink, and kept it up, sending him clear across the room, and wound up by knocking him down, and he rolled over a half a doxen times, and fell all over himself. When Conkling got up, and got himself collected together, Chandler introduced him to "Jem Mace, the champion pugilist of the world," and Conkling fainted away. He was never very friendly to Chandler after that.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Schoolmistresses and Their Clothes.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says: Some anonymous wretch has been writing the New Haven school teachers newspaper lectures about the folly of their gaudy raiment, putting in also a few slurs about their snaring the hearts of poor "theologs," and the teachers are mad. One of them retorts thus vigorously: "Whose business is it what they wear? Many of them support a whole family on the liberal salaries all the way from $150 to $800, or, after 'marrying the theologs,' find it becomes necessary to support him too, and help him with their wits to write his sermons. * * * The writer of this is the happy possessor of a 'maroon silk' with brocaded trimmings and 'accompaniments,' which she wore for four years on Sundays. The next year she turned the silk, made it over and put it on for 'second best.' This year, the sixth of its existence, she is actually—are you listening, Author?—'parading in it to school and teaching in it every day.'" She then advises "Author," if a man, to try the same plan with his apparel, buying good cloth at the start, and see whether inquisitive people are curious about its cost at the end of six years. It's the "theolog's" turn next.

Advice to a Boy.

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my boy. Stand one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man people say you are. Find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright at 11 o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing expedition as you are at the Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out from one of these private interviews you will be a better, stronger, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Entirely too Liberal.

A writer to the *Oregonian* gives a short sketch of George Gay, one of the famous pioneers of Oregon, who has recently died in that State: "Along in the early '40's Gay was the wealthiest man in Oregon, outside of the Hudson Bay Company, his herds of cattle and horses roaming over what is now the southern parts of Yamhill and the northern parts of Polk Counties. In 1843-44 he built the first brick house in Oregon. He entertained Commodore Wilkes and his officers and his house was a general resort for travelers and emigrants. He dispensed a rude but unbounded hospitality, to which all comers were welcome. I have known him to slaughter a bullock for the breakfasts of his guests, the remnants of which were eaten for supper. Gay was kind and gentle in his deportment, but always retained a dash of rollicking bonhomie which more or less pertains to the sailor, the trapper and the mountaineer. His property gradually slipped through his hands; the wily arts and tricks of civilization were too much for his unsophisticated nature, and, like nearly all of the generous and hospitable pioneers, he died poor."

For a Lad and His Sister.

The report that a cash boy in a Boston dry goods house had suddenly become a millionaire is corroborated. The lad in question is Thomas Loeman, fourteen years old. He has been employed as a cash-boy for some time, and is a bright, interesting and promising boy. He is an orphan and, with a younger brother and sister, lives with his aunt in Boston. The parents were from New Brunswick, but the children, it is understood, were born in Portland. The parents left little for the support of the children. The lad's uncle, Michael Loeman, died some time ago in Melbourne, Australia. He was a broker, and amassed a very large fortune. His will bequeathed the bulk of his estate, two and a half millions, to his brother's children, and was left in the care of trustees who live in St. John, N. B., were the children will be sent to be educated.

An Age of Suspicion.

Truly, this is an age of suspicion. Nevertheless, Capt. F. M. Howes, of the steamer William Crane, Merchants' and Miners' Transportation Line between Boston and Baltimore, who suffered severely from rheumatism, caused by the exposure incident to his profession, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. This is no suspicion.—*Boston Globe.*

LOST.—A Kentucky farmer lost four daughters in one day—by marriage.

MRS. COLE, of Windham, N. H., declares that her life was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla. She had 37 terrible Scrofulous sores.

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ONE GAINS courage, by showing himself poor; in that manner one robs poverty of its sharpest sting.—Rummel.

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